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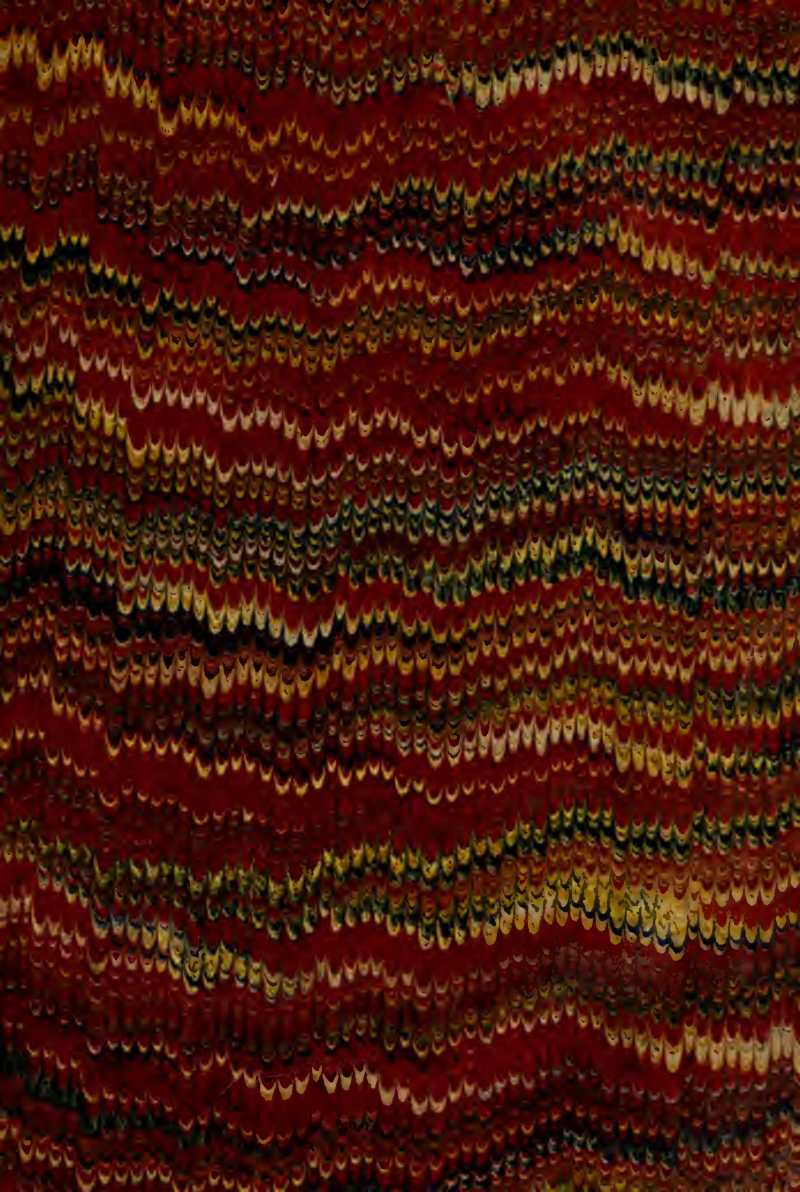

THE BARBECUE.

MY RIDE TO THE BARBECUE:

OR,

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES

OF THE

OLD DOMINION.

BY AN EX-MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

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With Twenty Illustrations.

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MY RIDE TO THE BARBECUE.

"I'm not romantic; but, upon my word,
There are some moments when one can't help feeling
As if his heart's chords were so strongly stirred
By things around him, 'tis vain concealing;
A little music in his soul still lingers,
Whene'er the keys are touched by Nature's fingers."

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

TOWARD the latter part of the past summer I made an excursion to the Valley of Virginia, in fulfillment of an oft-repeated promise to a friend who resides in the fertile county of Clarke, and who is never so happy as when his house—which seems to possess a sort of caoutchouc capability of accommodation—is filled with genial guests, making themselves perfectly at home beneath his hospitable roof.

My friend's estate lies near the Shenandoah—that most picturesque of all the tributaries of the Potomac, whose sweet-sounding name, in the musical and expressive nomenclature of the aborigines, signifies "the dancing daughter of the stars" —and his residence, a substantial, old-fashioned, time-tinted structure of stone, half covered with climbing plants, and partially surrounded by a grove of patriarchal oaks, is so situated "upon an upland lawn" as to command a varied prospect of field and forest, extending, in undulating beauty, from the base of the Blue Ridge to where the western mountains dimly mark their outlines on the distant sky, and embracing in its scope as interesting a region as any summer tourist need desire to explore.

So, too, thought and wrote old Father Burnaby, "Vicar of Greenwich"—the once famous, but now almost forgotten English traveler—just a century ago, when, from the summit of Ashby's Gap, he saw spread out before him the panorama of which I speak.

"When," said he, "I got to the top, I was inexpressibly delighted with the scene that opened before me. Immediately under the mountain, which was covered with chamœdaphnes in full

bloom, was a most beautiful river; beyond this an extensive plain diversified with every pleasing object which Nature can exhibit; and at the distance of fifty miles, another ridge of still more lofty mountains, called the Great or Northern Ridge, which inclosed and terminated the whole. * * * The Shenandoah is exceedingly romantic and beautiful, forming a great variety of waterfalls, and is so transparent that you may see the pebbles at the depth of eight or ten feet. * * * I could not but reflect with pleasure on the situation of these people, and think if there is such a thing as happiness in this life, that they enjoy it. Far from the bustle of the world, they live in the most delightful climate and the richest soil imaginable; they are everywhere surrounded with beautiful prospects and sylvan scenes, lofty mountains, transparent streams, falls of water, rich valleys, and mystic woods. They live in perfect liberty, and possess what many princes would give half their dominions for, health, contentment, and tranquillity of mind."

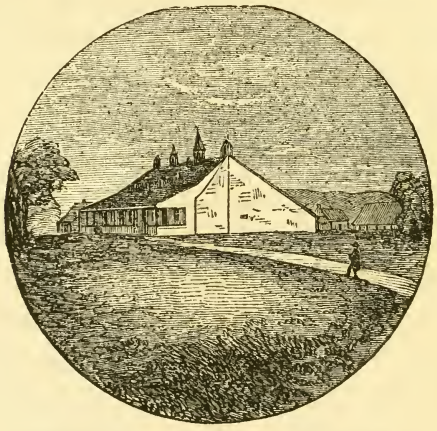
Nowhere, indeed, in all Virginia has Nature been more lavish of her gifts and wrought upon a scale of greater beauty and magnificence.

But attractive as all travelers find that favored

section, there is far more in its scenery "than meets the eye."

For Time and its memories have invested so many of the surrounding localities with those associations that take hold upon the heart, that a drive in almost any direction is sure to suggest some stirring story of the past, which imparts additional interest to the physical features of the scene by making us familiar with its history.

Here it was that Thomas Lord Fairfax, Baron



GREENWAY COURT, SEAT OF LORD FAIRFAX.

of Cameron, had his home for nearly thirty years, and here bravely worked at his vocation the young surveyor, Washington! Here we may trace the march of Braddock's army through the

very farms where Morgan, the wagon-boy, was wont to "drive his team a-field," and find, still standing, "margins and samples of the same old woods" in which Dinwiddie hunted when a guest at Greenway Court, and where, twenty years thereafter, Dunmore's men were mustered for their Western expedition! Here many Revolutionary worthies had their habitations in the heroic age of the Republic; and here was the moderate homestead of the patriot-parson Thruston, who having — like Muhlenburg — laid aside the gown and girded on his sword to lead his own parishioners to the field, poured forth his blood a libation to Liberty, and over whose very grave, in the far South, was fought the last great battle in the second war for Independence! Here live the Nelsons, Pages, Randolphs, Meads, Byrds, Burwells, Carters, Lewises, Fauntleroys, and other scions of the sturdy stock of patriots whose names were known and honored throughout the land, "in the brave days of old."

And thus, on every hand, along the embowered highways and byways of this delightful neighborhood, are so many "local habitations" of historic names, so many eloquently suggestive memorials of absorbing interest, that, while sojourning in their

midst, I found myself more than once thus paraphrasing Paulding's lines:

"What thrilling recollections throng,
What touching visions rise,
As wandering these old haunts among,
I backward turn my eyes,
And see the shadows of the dead flit round,
Like spirits when the last dread trump shall sound!

The wonders of an age combined,
In one short moment memory supplies;
They throng upon my waken'd mind,
As Time's dark curtains rise—
The volume of a hundred years,
Condensed in one bright page appears.
* * * * * *
I envy not the brute who here can stand,
Without a thrill for his own native land."

I had already passed a fortnight with my friends in Clarke—a week longer than I had allowed myself for the visit—and had made up my mind to set my face homeward without further delay. But

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
Gang aft a-gley;"

for when, next day, at dinner, I announced my intention to return to town, there arose from around the table such a commingled chorus of objurgations and appeals in opposition to my departure, that I could not find it in my heart to resist them, and would not have done so if I could. So, of course,

I reconsidered my resolution, and consented to stay for a few days longer.

"That's clever," said my friend, as we left the dining-room to take our post-prandial smoke upon the porch, our

> "———custom always of the afternoon."

"That's just as it should be; and I am sure you'll have no cause to regret your determination to remain, especially as the young people have projected several expeditions for your amusement, which they think will accord with your antiquarian tastes."

"I trust," said I, "that the young folks don't look upon me as a new edition of 'Old Mortality,' or as a modern Monkbarns, who would rather be poking about in the dust-holes of antiquity after what Edie Ochiltree used to call 'things o' the auld world sort,' than to participate in their

> 'Jests and youthful jollity,
> Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles.'"

"Far from it," replied my friend; "they understand and appreciate your desire to rescue from oblivion the fast-fading traditions of other days; and as an earnest of their wish to serve you in your archæological researches, they intend, in the morn-

ing, to take you over to Winchester, where you'll find some interesting memorials of the past, and (what's much better, in my opinion) a hearty welcome from as pleasant and whole-souled set of people as the sun of heaven ever smiled upon."

"I shall be most happy, of course," said I, "to accompany my young friends anywhere, especially to Winchester, which has so long been celebrated for its hospitality and patriotism; for, besides the social inducements of such a visit, I confess that I'd like, of all things, to have a peep at the historic relics that remain there—

> ' ———mutely telling
> Stirring tales of days gone by.' "

"Well, you shall see them all," said my friend, "for they'll show you what's left of Old Fort Loudoun and its famous well; the graves of Daniel Morgan and his favorite 'Dutch Mess;' the homestead of Governor Wood; the 'Shawnee Spring,' and—let me see—what else besides?" [Here my friend paused in his enumeration, but after pondering for a few seconds, he suddenly brightened up and proceeded:]

"Ah! I remember now; they'll show you, besides what I've told you of—the boots of Fairfax!"

"The what?" said I. "*Boots!* sir," exclaimed

my friend, with startling emphasis; "the identical square-toed, high-top jack-boots, spurs and all, of the sixth Lord Fairfax, that date back to the days of Marlborough and the Prince Eugene, and in which his Lordship used to strut among Queen Anne's guardsmen at Windsor Castle and the wits at Button's Coffee House—' think of that, Master

LORD FAIRFAX'S BOOTS.

Brooke!' Boots worn by a contributor to the 'Spectator,' a companion of Addison and a friend of Pope! And such boots as they are, too! Just as good as new, now, notwithstanding all the rough usage they have had from the time the hard-riding young nobleman of Kent first put them on in his Castle of Leeds, when a cavalry officer

off when Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of of 'the Blues,' down to the day he last took them

THE MAIL BOY—"LITTLE JO."

the County of Frederick. Yes, sir! you shall not only see these famous boots, but what's more to

tne purpose, you shall put them on, and thus for once in your life, at least, be placed upon the footing of a Lord!"

What my reply was to this proposition it *boots* not now to remember, for just then "little Jo" (the sable Mercury of the establishment) came from the post-office and handed his master the mail-bag.

The arrival of the post is always looked for with peculiar interest in a country mansion, and it constitutes the event of the day, no matter what else may be occupying the minds of its inmates; and so soon as it was known that Jo had come from the office, the family came flocking out upon the porch for their letters and papers.

"What's all this?" exclaimed my host, unfolding a huge hand-bill, printed partly in colored capitals, and with a patriotic-looking spread eagle at the top of it; "what in the world does all this mean?" And he proceeded to read aloud the contents of the mammoth poster, which was headed as follows:

"Grand Civic and Military
BARBECUE,
At Morgan's Springs,
Near Shepherdstown, Jefferson County, Virginia,
On Thursday the 2d of September, 1858.
&c., &c., &c., &c."

"Well," said he to me, after he had perused the formidable-looking proclamation, "here's a chance for you to see a first-rate barbecue. I know the good people of 'the unterrified precinct;' they are famous for their manner of getting up these out-door entertainments, and you'll find this worth attending, if you're fond of such affairs."

"I can not say whether I am or not," was my reply, "as I have never been to one in my life—"

"What! never been to a barbecue?" burst from half a dozen voices at once; "never been to a barbecue? wonderful!"

As for my friend, he stood staring at me for a few moments in mute surprise, and then letting the hand-bill fall upon the floor with an emphasis similar to that with which Corporal Trim so eloquently signified the defunction of his young master, he solemnly shook his head, and slowly ejaculated: "Well—upon my word, it is wonderful, indeed! Who would have believed it, that you, a traveler, a cosmopolite; you who have been so far and seen so much; a man of taste and acquainted with gastronomy; you who have experimented so extensively in the cookery of many climes, and are so profoundly skilled in all the sublime mysteries of the *cuisine* of other

countries, and yet to be practically ignorant of the grandest culinary triumph of your own; that you, who have attended clam bakes on the

THE ART OF SELF-DE-FENCE.

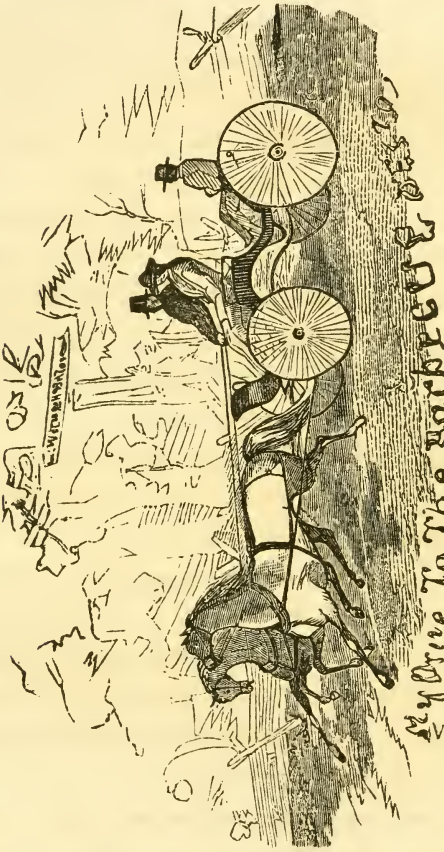
shores of Long Island Sound, and pic-nic-ed in the shades of the Pyramids; you who have

eaten chowder at Marshfield and olla-podrida at Madrid; who have lunched on mutton chops in London, and on maccaroni in Naples; who have cooked your own mule-steaks in New Mexico, and had your *pâtes de foi gras* hot from the ovens of Strasburg; you who have supped on canvas-backs at the Baltimore Club—luxuriated in a breakfast at Tortoni's, and been lapped in the elysium of a dinner at Véry's—that you, I say, of all men living, should never have enjoyed one of these *al fresco* feasts of which our people are so fond, is to me a matter of the most profound amazement. For, let me tell you, the Barbecue is one of the ancient and honorable institutions of Virginia—one of the few that have survived the innovation of parties and the wreck of constitutions! It belongs to the people—theoretically, practically, and emphatically—and its social influences upon the body politic are altogether beneficial and conservative when they are not perverted from their legitimate objects by brawling drunkards and blarneying demagogues! Its appellation, sir, is derived from the French *barb-à-queue*, and thereby hangs a tale, the cue of which, is pig's tail! The term is as figurative as it is French; and its head and front (or rather

head and termination) means nothing more nor less than an entertainment where hogs are roasted whole—a *totum porcum* process, sir! Hence to 'go the whole hog' is pre-eminently a characteristic of the people in our good old Commonwealth —God bless her!—from the point of the 'Pan Handle' down to the depths of the Dismal Swamp! So," continued my friend, subsiding somewhat from the oratorical tone and attitude which, during the delivery of the foregoing unpremeditated remarks he had unconsciously assumed, and which, by the way, I found to be a habit they have in that part of the country, growing out of the inveterate and unprofitable custom of stump speaking that, I am told, ever since the adoption of the last Constitution, has prevailed to an alarming extent throughout the entire State, "so! it will never do to let you rest any longer under the reproach of such stupendous ignorance, and I pray you, therefore, to consider yourself booked for a buggy drive with me to 'Morgan's Spring,' on Thursday next."

I signified my willingness to be booked accordingly; and a very pleasant and profitable "buggy drive" it was to me, as I shall now proceed to relate.

On the day designated for the Barbecue, we were up betimes, for it was necessary to make an early



start, as we had some thirty miles to drive, and several places of historic interest to stop at on the way. The morning promised to be all that

we could wish for our excursion, as a gentle shower during the preceding night had laid the dust and made the atmosphere delightful. When we started, a light gray fog, which rested

"———like a dream on the green earth's lap,"

limited our range of vision. But when

"———the rolling mist began to rise,"

it revealed the extent and beauty of the charming landscape through which our spirited horses were whirling us along at a pace of exhilarating rapidity.

We presently arrived at the "Old Chapel" church-yard, in which, near its ivy mantled wall, beneath a drooping willow,

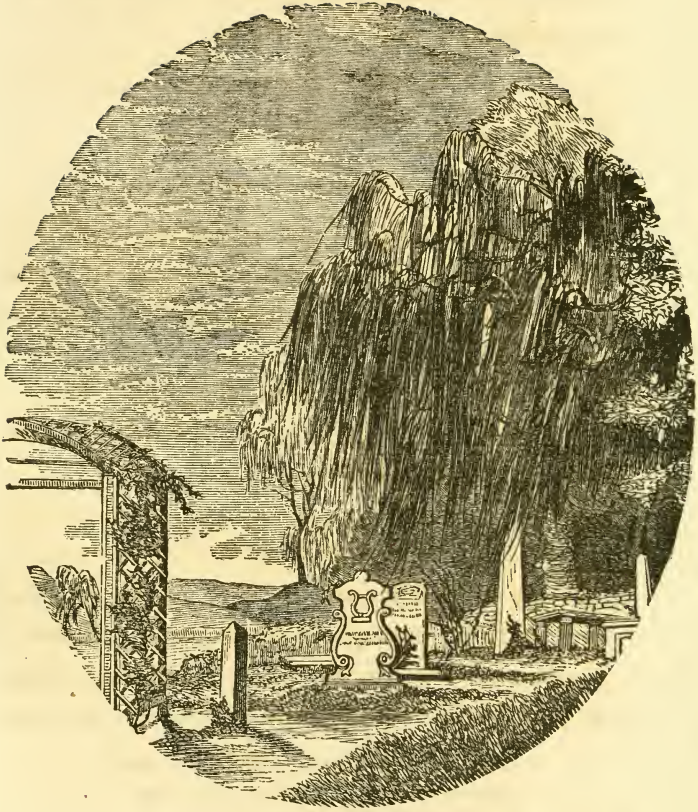
"Where the lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,"

lies the "earthly part" of that gloriously gifted poet and high-hearted gentleman, Philip Pendleton Cooke; and we paused to pay the passing tribute of a sigh to the cherished memory of one who was

"Snatched all too early from that august fame,
That on the serene heights of silvered age
Waited, with laureled hands,"

to crown him Master

"———of Time-shrouded minstrelsy."



THE GRAVE OF PENDLETON COOKE, THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE VANE."

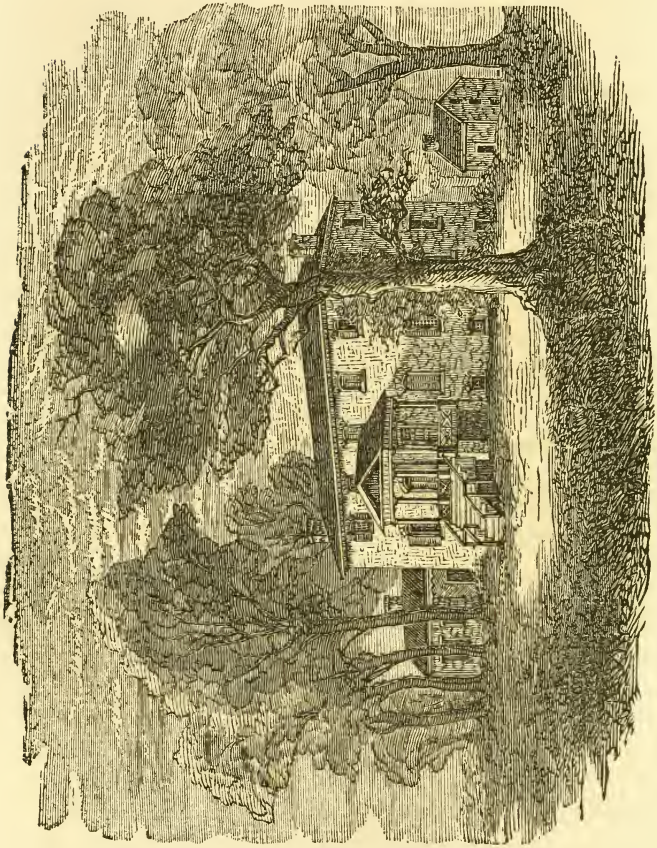
Shortly afterward we passed through Berryville, formerly called Battletown, from the frequent pugilistic encounters which the neighboring athletes were accustomed to have at Berry's tavern (the nucleus of the present town), and in which that "thunder-bolt of war," Daniel Morgan, when a young man, used to figure to the discomfiture of all antagonists.

From thence, and into the adjoining county of Jefferson ("the garden of Virginia"), our route was through a highly cultivated region, which presented a succession of

> "———heart-expanding views,
> Far as the circling eye could shoot around,"

that combined, in their serene loveliness, so many strikingly attractive features as to entirely redeem them from any approach to tameness. Here and there might be seen a stately mansion crowning the crest of some wooded hill, and, on every hand, snug-looking homesteads nestling among orchards, and surrounded by affluent fields — the happy abodes of as kind-hearted, contented, intelligent, and independent a population as can be found upon the continent. Hereabouts are the productive "Bullskin Plantations," which Washington inherited from his brother Lawrence, and which he

speaks (in one of his letters) of stopping to visit when on his way home to Mount Vernon after



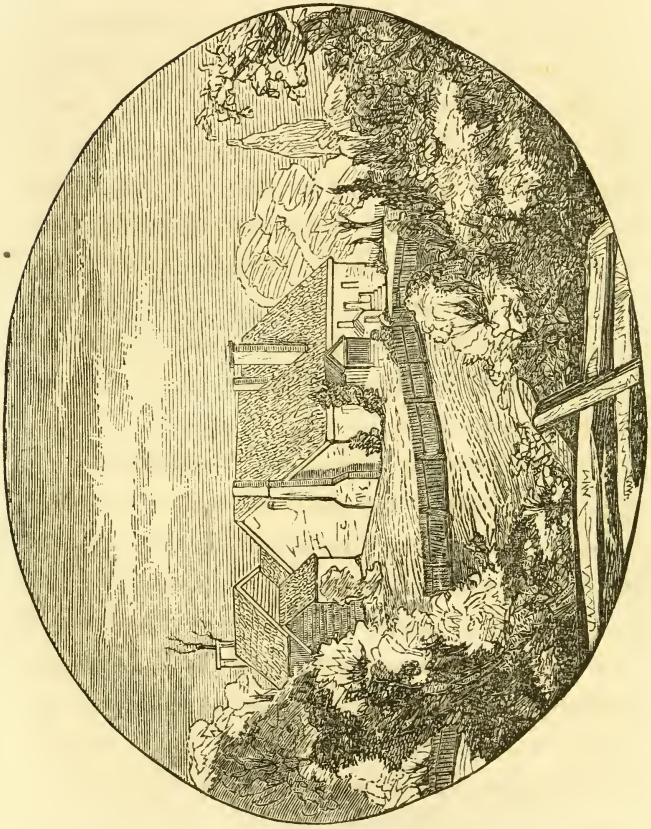
THE HAREWOOD HOUSE.

Braddock's defeat. Much of this valuable property yet remains in possession of the families of those

who inherited the name and lands of their illustrious relative.

We halted a few minutes for refreshments at Charlestown, which is the county seat of Jefferson, and is named after Washington's youngest brother, Charles, on whose land it was laid out, and who is said greatly to have resembled the General in the dignity of his appearance as well as in his disposition and character. Resuming our seats, we turned our horses (heads) toward Lutown, and resisting the temptation to stop and examine the picturesque ruins of an ancient church which we noticed near the road, and which is said to have been erected in the reign of George the 2d, we drove slowly past "Harewood"—that fine old place of pleasant and patriotic memories, where Washington's brother Samuel dwelt, where James Madison was married, and where Louis Philippe and his two brothers (the Duke of Montpensier and Count Beaujolais), with their faithful servant, Beaudouin, were entertained—a time-hallowed stone mansion, moss-grown and gray, which, having been planned and built under the personal superintendence of Washington himself, good taste has preserved from the desecration of whitewash and the atrocity of stucco, and which, we

trust, will continue to be guarded with jealous care from that senseless vandalism which has no regard



GEN. LEE'S RESIDENCE DURING THE REVOLUTION.

for the recollections of our history, and which is ever ready to tear down or disfigure with "modern

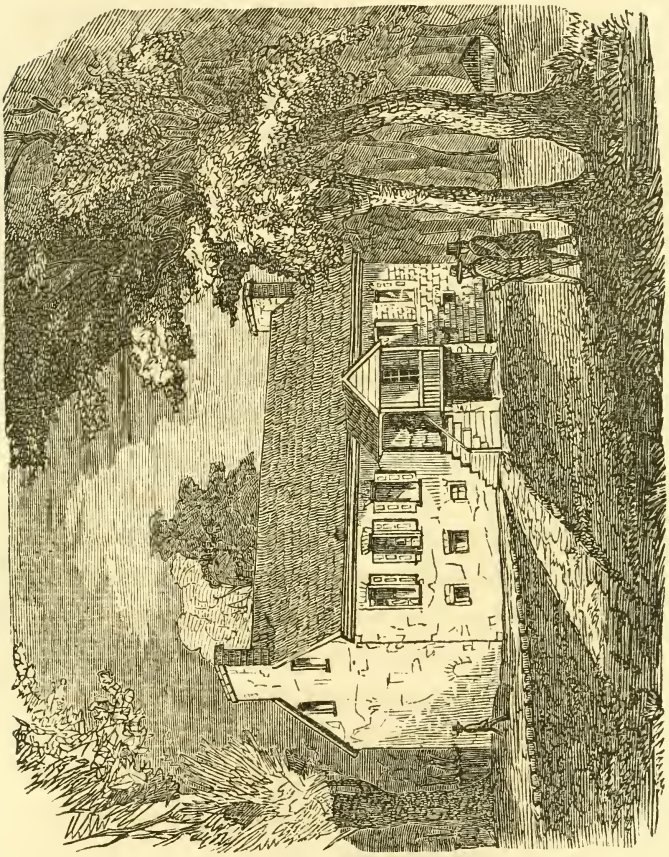
improvements" the venerable monuments built by the strong hands of our fathers!

And soon afterward we found ourselves in front of the former residence of General Charles Lee, of Revolutionary notoriety. The house is a long, low, quaint-looking building, with a high-pitched roof and irregularly-placed chimneys. It stands a short distance from the turnpike road, and on rising ground, but is so hidden behind a tangled copse of neglected shrubbery, that it seems to seclude itself from observation with something of the same pertinacious spirit of misanthropy that characterized the cynical soldier of fortune who once possessed it.

Although it was built about one hundred years ago, the solidity of its limestone walls and the soundness of its timbers give assurance that it will last at least another century, if not destroyed by the meddlesome hand of modern improvement.

When occupied by Lee, it is well known that he allowed no partitions to divide its interior; but a huge chimney, which rises through the center of the building, served in some degree to separate the cooking department from that which was made to answer for his bed-room, parlor, library, dog-kennel and all.

Here he was living a soured, disappointed man, against whom the door of promotion had been



GEN. GATES' RESIDENCE DURING THE REVOLUTION.

closed in his own country when the war for Independence began in ours, and hither he retired with

a heart fuller than ever of bitterness and hate after the Continental Congress had confirmed the finding of the court-martial that sat in judgment on his conduct at the battle of Monmouth. It certainly seems strange that such a man as Lee should have lived, and so lived, in this then retired place; that one whose attainments were so great, whose career had been so eventful, whose ambition was so unsatisfied, "who had served in the famous campaigns of Europe, commanded Cossacks, fought with Turks, talked with Frederick the Great, and been aid-de-camp to the king of Poland," should have selected this "lodge in" what was then comparatively "a vast wilderness" for his abode. But he was induced to do so by his friend and fellow-soldier, Gen. Horatio Gates, who resided in the same neighborhood, upon an estate called "Traveler's Rest;" and as the letter he wrote to Lee, persuading him to settle where he did, is both characteristic and rare (never having been printed in this country), I here insert it.

TRAVELER'S REST, VA., *July* 1*st*, 1774.

MY DEAR LEE—I received your welcome letter by Mr. Wormley, and live in daily expectation of seeing you at my hut. I now wish more than ever for that satisfaction, as the alarms of the times

make me earnest to consult and converse with you thereupon. Until actions convince me of the contrary, I am resolved to think Mr. Gage has some secret medicine in his pocket to heal the wounds that threaten the life of American liberty. Surely a man so humane, so sensible, so honorable, so independent in his circumstances, and so great from family expectations, would never undertake a business fit only for an abandoned desperado, or a monster in human shape, a General Murry, a Macro, or a Ravilliac. I can not think what detains you so far southward at this season of the year; without any disparagement to Williamsburg, health and such as you like for associates are more certainly to be met with to the northward. I know not how you find it, but the older I grow, I become less and less inclined to new acquaintance. Selfishness and sycophancy possess so generally the minds of men, that I think the many are best avoided, and the few only who are liberal and sincere to be sought for and caressed. I therefore stick steadily to the cultivation of my farm, am intimate with few, read when I have time, and content myself with such domestic comforts as my circumstances and fortune afford me. I wish therefore most anxiously you would come to my retreat,

and there let us philosophize on the vices and virtues of this busy world, the follies and the vanities of the great, vulgar, and the small—

> "Laugh when we please, be candid when we can,
> And justify the ways of God to man."

Mrs. Gates is earnest in desiring to see you under her roof, where a good bed is provided for you, two or three slaves to supply all your wants and whimsies, and space enough about us for you to exorcise away all your spleen and gloomy moods, whensoever they distress you.

In my neighborhood there is this moment as fine a farm-mill and tract of land to be sold as any in America, and provided it is convenient to you to pay down half the price, I am convinced you may have it at a very great bargain.

It is altogether two thousand four hundred acres, at thirty shillings sterling an acre; I am satisfied you might have it so.

By paying down about one thousand eight hundred pounds sterling, you may be put in possession of an estate that ten years hence will be worth seven thousand pounds sterling; and I take it for granted, that you may have the payment of the rest of the purchase money at easy installments, and that, too, without interest; so by laying out

a thousand pounds sterling more in stocking and improvements, your produce will yield you a fine living, and wherewithal to pay your annual installments bargained for in the purchase. I suppose you have procured from Lord Dunmore his warrant for your five thousand acres upon the Ohio; that will be, very soon, of considerable value.

As to the Indians, the behavior of certain of the white people is, beyond all comparison, abominable toward those unhappy natives.

Not content with quiet possession of all the land on this side the Ohio, they demand, as a preliminary to a peace, all the land between that river and the Mississippi; but this story is too long for a letter—you shall know the whole of this iniquitous affair when we meet.

The gentleman who does me the favor to present you this letter has the pleasure of your acquaintance, and can very fully inform you of the exceeding wickedness and absurdity of the measures pursued and being pursued against the Indians.

I have read, with wonder and astonishment, Gage's proclamations; surely this is not the same man you and I knew so well in the days of yore; but that men should change, neither you nor I

will be surprised at; it is rather matter of amazement when they do not.

August 17*th*.—I am this instant returned from Baltimore, and hoped to have crossed upon you in your route northward, but, like Swift's Mordants, you were vanished. I was sorry for it, as I might have prevailed upon you to have tempered your zeal with caution, before all such persons as may reasonably be suspected to watch your words and actions. Where your zeal in the noble cause you mention can be exerted to effect, too much caution can not be shown; but be careful how you act, for, be assured, Gage knows you too well, and knows you know him too well, not to be glad of any plausible pretense to prevent your good services in the public cause. Farewell, my friend; remember, I am what I have always professed myself to be, and that I am ready to risk my life to preserve the liberties of the Western World.

> On this condition would I build my fame,
> And emulate the Greek or Roman name;
> Think Freedom's rights bought cheaply with my blood,
> And die with pleasure for my country's good.

While I live, I am,

Yours unchangeably,

HORATIO GATES.

After the reception of the foregoing letter, Lee lost no time in securing the estate it refers to; and having taken possession of it in the autumn of 1774 he lived there until the following May, when he repaired to Philadelphia—where the Continental Congress was then in session—and was soon after appointed major-general in the American army.

From the time of his arrival with Washington at the camp of Cambridge, on the 2d of July, 1775, to that of his trial in the summer of 1778, and the ratification by Congress of his sentence of suspension in the succeeding winter, the incidents of his career are too well known to require repetition here. It is sufficient to say of them that they were for the most part such as to justify the *soubriquet* of "Boiling Water," bestowed upon him by the Mohawk Indians, when they adopted him into their tribe; for his fiery temper kept him continually in hot water, and made him ever ready to boil over at the slightest provocation.

It was not until the spring of 1779 that he had an opportunity to revisit his Virginia plantation; but when he returned to it, he remained there until the fall of 1782, when, although (according to his biographer) he had become "so rusticated that he could have lived in a tub with Diogenes,"

he determined to sell the estate and settle near some seaport town. With this view he went to Philadelphia, and took lodgings in "the Slate Roof House," in which Wm. Penn once resided; but a few days after his arrival he was seized with a fever, which caused his death on the 2d of October, 1782.

Having thoroughly examined the Lee house, we left it to prosecute our researches at "Traveler's Rest," the next point of interest on our route—and as we rattled over the turnpike-road, my friend recounted several well-authenticated traditions concerning Lee, which yet linger in that locality, and which, having never appeared in print, are too illustrative of his character to be lost. I will therefore repeat them, or rather, let my informant do so in his own language.

"You are aware," said he, "that it was one of Lee's peculiarities to have constantly about him a great number of dogs—small dogs, invariably—and that his impiety was no less notorious.

"But no one, whose knowledge of this bold, bad man (who 'enviously sought to dethrone Washington from the confidence of the nation') has been derived from books, can form an idea of the extent to which he carried his hatred of religion, and the

pains he took to exhibit his contempt for all that Christian men hold sacred.

"For instance, having named three of his dogs after the Holy Trinity, and twelve of them after the Apostles, in order that there might be no mistake in regard to their respective appellations, he caused the title of each to be conspicuously engraved upon its collar, 'that from its name the world might know the nature of the beast that bore it.'

"On one occasion a neighbor by the name of Grantham called to get some medicine from him. It was quite early, and the General was yet in bed —reading. He was invited in, however, and shortly after he had taken his seat, Guisseppi Minghini (the Italian valet whom he calls in his will, 'my old and faithful servant, or rather humble friend') brought in from the well a bucket of water, which he placed upon the floor. So soon as he had done so, the entire pack of curs clustered around it to drink, which they were permitted to do without molestation from master or man.

"Presently Lee arose from his camp-bed in the corner, and taking up the bucket began to drink from it himself. 'What! General,' exclaimed his astonished neighbor, 'will you drink after your

dogs?' 'Why not, sir?' said Lee; 'dogs never poison what we eat and drink. But as for men, to poison is their trade—never trust them if you wish to thrive!'

("Tradition does not state whether, after such a remark, Mr. Grantham was altogether content to trust the man and take his medicine, or whether he did not deem it to be quite as prudent to throw *that* physic to the dogs.)

"On another occasion, his kind-hearted fellow-farmers volunteered, as is still the custom in this part of the country, to husk out his corn-crop for him. And they had nearly completed their laborious task, when they saw Lee riding majestically into the field, with his troop of canine favorites following at his heels.

"Coming up to where they were at work, he halted a moment at one end of the long corn-heap, and then, without a sign of salutation or warning to any one, clapping spurs to his horse he forced him to leap upon the top of the pile, and to gallop along its entire length, scattering the golden ears in every direction, to the infinite amazement and amusement of the husking-party, to whom he did not condescend to address a single word of greeting or apology, but trotted back to the house in the

same stately silence that he came. His simple-hearted neighbors were remarkably lenient to all his vagaries, and one of them, speaking of the above-mentioned freak many years after its occurrence, is reported to have apologetically accounted for it by saying that he 'sposed the Gineral must have been thinking how grand it would be for him to ride it rough-shod over Cornwallis; and that made him come corn-walloping over the corn-pile the way he did, that day;'—a very satisfactory solution, certainly!

"But yonder's 'Traveler's Rest,'" continued my friend, pointing to a cluster of farm-buildings on the left-hand side of the road; and it reminds me of another incident in Lee's life, which, as it happened in the very house I am now taking you to, will be an appropriate introduction to Gates' domicil.

"It appears that both Gates and his wife, being fond of the pleasures of the table, were accustomed to linger over their wine and walnuts, which had the effect, occasionally, of making Mrs. Gates not only more loquacious than ladies generally are, but also more disputatious than they ever ought to be. When in these moods she sometimes so far forgot the proprieties of her sex as to berate her husband,

even in the presence of company—of course to the very great annoyance of her guests.

"Such scenes were especially disagreeable to General Lee, who, in the latter days of his life, had so little fancy for the fair sex, that he would not consent to sleep in a room where any article of female attire (no matter how insignificant) might happen to be left. Well, one day after dinner her ladyship was 'lording it over her lord' a little more Zantippe-like than usual, and in the course of the controversy she appealed to Lee for an expression of his opinion as to the position she had assumed. Lee was silent.

"'Why don't you speak, General?' said the lady. 'Don't you think I'm right? Tell me what you think—what you think of me, sir—I want your candid opinion.'

"'Then, madam,' said the General, rising, 'you shall have it. I think [here he picked up his hat and placed himself in convenient proximity to the door], I think, madam,' said he, 'that you're a tragedy in private life and a farce to all the world!' Having thus spoken, he incontinently executed, in double quick time, the identical military maneuver which brought him into disgrace at Monmouth.

A ROOM IN GEN. GATES'S HOUSE.

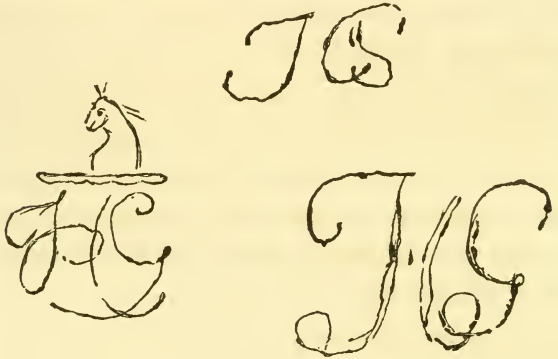
"But here we are at the door through which the General deemed it so prudent to retreat, for the second time in his strange, eventful history, from the face of a British grenadier!"

The house at "Traveler's Rest" is similar in the general style of its architecture to that of Lee's, but much better finished. It is substantially built of cut limestone—a story and a half high, with huge chimneys and a lofty roof. The windows are numerous and narrow (those in the basement looking like port-holes), the casements are clumsily constructed, and the glass in them is nearly the eighth of an inch thick. The interior appears to have undergone but little alteration since the days of its distinguished occupant. The principal apartments are panneled and ornamented with heavy cornices carved in the fashion most approved of by our fathers "when George the Third was king."

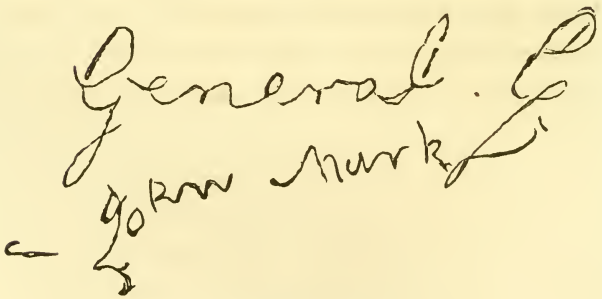
"Such were the rooms in which of yore
Our ancestors were wont to dwell,
And still of fashions known no more
These lingering relics tell:
The oaken wainscot, richly graced
With gay festoons of mimic flowers;
The armorial bearings, now defaced,
All speak of proud, but long past hours."

The armorial bearings of Gates, with the cipher

and other cotemporary inscriptions cut upon the diminutive window-panes of the dining-room are not yet "defaced," and we availed ourselves of the opportunity to copy some of them as souvenirs of our visit.



THE COAT OF ARMS.



THE INSCRIPTION.

Gladly would we have made a more minute examination of these interesting premises, but our

time was limited. It was now after ten o'clock, and we were yet five miles from the scene of the day's festivities.

As we descended the rocky hill on which the house is placed, and turned to take a parting look at the venerable edifice occupied so long by the god-son of Horace Walpole (to whom, indeed, some say, "he stood in filial relationship of a less sanctified character"), whose name appears so conspicuously upon the pages of our country's history, I wondered how any one could wantonly tear down or deface so interesting a relic of the olden time. But "Young America" has very little reverence for antiquity, and seems too frequently to feel it to be a part of its manifest destiny to destroy or disfigure the "storied structures of the Past," prompted by that rash and reckless spirit of innovation which, with all the insolence of ignorant self-sufficiency, vaunts

> "Of old things, all are over old—
> Of good things, none are good enough;
> Will show that we can help to frame
> A world of other stuff."

It was a source of sincere regret, as we drove away from "Traveler's Rest," that we could not also include in our morning's exploration the an-

cient homestead of that other Major-General of the Revolution—the stalwart Adam Stephens—who lived in the immediate neighborhood, and who deserves much more honorable mention at the hands of historians than he has heretofore received.

I am glad, however, to have it in my power to put on record here a few scraps of information, derived from a venerable friend concerning this brave old soldier's early history, about which nothing has thus far been written and but little now is known.

Major-General Adam Stephens was a native of Scotland. In 1740 he took the degree of Master of Arts at the King's College, Aberdeen. In 1745 he went to London, and was appointed surgeon's mate on board a man-of-war; but disliking the regular service, he declined the appointment and came over to Virginia as surgeon of a merchantman—the Neptune, commanded by a Captain Lindsey, who did not return with the vessel, which on its homeward voyage was taken charge of by the mate, whose name was Cooper. Dr. Stephens returned to England in the Neptune. When in the Channel they were attacked by a French privateer, and were on the point of being boarded, when Stephens "addressed Mr. Cooper and begged the command of four nine-pounders which were in the

cabin." And with the assistance of "two young sailor lads" he directed the guns "so happily" that they swept the forecastle and bowsprit of the privateer, thereby saving the Neptune and her cargo of four hundred hogsheads of tobacco. "The sailors spreading abroad the report of this occurrence" in London, occasioned the merchants to take much notice of the Doctor, and he was offered the surgeoncy of an East Indiaman, with considerable privileges; but having no fondness for a sea-life he declined this offer, and took a temporary berth on board the Winchester hospital-ship, employed in the expedition against L'Orient under the command of General Sinclair. The troops employed in this expedition wintered in Ireland, and in the succeeding spring of 1747 the Doctor came back to America in the ship Laura, commanded by Captain Gracy.

He landed in Maryland, and in the spring of 1748 he settled at Fredericksburg, Virginia, where he continued to reside, practicing his profession with success until the spring of 1754, when, "at the solicitation of William Fairfax," he agreed to enter the service; and by Mr. Fairfax's directions, Col. Washington called at his house and left him "a commission for the first captaincy," in consequence

of which he forthwith repaired to the frontier and raised a company. He was with Washington at the battle of the "Great Meadows," and was included in the capitulation of Fort Necessity. In the following year he accompanied Braddock on his ill-fated march toward Fort du Quesne, and was wounded at the disastrous defeat of the 9th of July. On this expedition it is probable that his first acquaintance began with Gates, who was then a captain of an independent company of Royal Americans, and was also wounded "on the fatal field of Braddock."

The events in the public life of Stephens throughout the seven years' war constitute a part of the well-known history of that period.

When the Revolution began, he was early in the field, and did good service in defense of the liberties of his adopted country.

Having risen to the rank of major.general, he was deprived of his command after the battle of Germantown, by what is now believed to have been an unnecessarily harsh sentence of the court-martial. The only public position he appears subsequently to have filled was that of a member of the Virginia Convention of 1788, when he voted for the ratification of the Federal Constitution.

It is an extraordinary coincidence, that Lee, Gates, and Stephens—all born in Great Britain, all captains on this continent in the old French War, all wounded in that war, all active and efficient promoters of the cause of the colonists in the morning of the Revolution—should, after having respectively reached the rank of major-general, have been court-martialed and deprived of their commands, and finally be found living together on adjacent farms in the same locality. * * *

But we are loitering by the way, and at this rate will never reach the Barbecue.

Approaching Shepherdstown, we overtook a great number of vehicles of almost every form and fashion, from the lumbering low-swung family coach to the rattling one-horse wagon, out of which bright faces smiled upon the happy groups of horsemen and pedestrians who were all hurrying along together toward the place of our destination; and when we reached the suburbs of the town, finding it somewhat difficult to drive through its densely crowded streets to the principal hotel, we concluded that it would be better for us to go directly out to the Barbecue grounds in advance of the procession.

As we turned to do so, my companion, directing

my attention to a small brick building, a little back from the street, and apparently of recent erection, remarked that it stood upon the site formerly occupied by the residence of James Rumsey.

"And pray tell me," said I, "who James Rumsey was?"

"He was *the inventor of the steamboat*," was my friend's reply.

"I thought," said I, "that Fitch and Fulton were the first who—"

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed my impetuous Mentor, interrupting me in the middle of the sentence. 'Fitch and Fulton were not the first by a long shot; that's the stereotyped story of the schoolbooks, and the world is contented to believe it. No, sir! James Rumsey was the man—he was the real inventor of the steamboat. Fitch and Fulton were both indebted to him for their first practical conceptions upon the subject; and the earliest successful application of steam as a motive-power in navigation was made here in Virginia, and *in this very town*."

"When was that?" I asked, in some surprise.

"In 1784," replied my friend. "Having tested the principles of his discovery the year before, and obtained the approval and encouragement of

Washington, to whom he had exhibited and explained a model of his invention at Bath, in 1784 he made his first trial trip upon the Potomac, here, at Shepherdstown; and in the spring of 1786 he repeated his experiment at this place upon a larger scale, in the presence of the assembled population of the surrounding country, Gates and other men of note who then lived in this neighborhood being among the number; and you may judge what a triumph he achieved on the occasion when I tell you that his boat, with half her burden on board, was propelled by steam alone, *against the current* of the Potomac, at the rate of four miles an hour, and that, too, notwithstanding the fact that her machinery had been made of rude materials by the village blacksmiths here, who had certainly never seen and probably never heard of a steam-engine in their lives before."

"What became of Rumsey and his boat after that experiment?" was my next inquiry.

"His boat," replied my friend, "was left to rot by the river side, and Rumsey, after having obtained certificates from the most influential of those who witnessed the experiment in the spring of '86, and having secured patents of his invention from the States of Virginia and Maryland, went

abroad and died in London in 1792 under circumstances of the most touching interest.

"But what I particularly desire to call your attention to," continued my friend, "is this significant fact, that shortly before poor Rumsey's death, he wrote home to his friends here that he had just returned from an excursion in the country with a young artist-friend from America, who was in England for the purpose of selling to the British Government a plan for blowing up vessels by means of a torpedo of his invention, and that the young American's name was Robert Fulton. Now, when you thus discover that Fulton was on intimate terms with Rumsey just before his death, in London, and find by reference to Fulton's biography that it was not until after Rumsey's death that he began to turn his attention to steam navigation, you will be at no loss to understand which of the two men is entitled to the honor of having been the real inventor of the steamboat, especially when you remember that Fulton's successful experiment upon the Hudson in 1807 was made with machinery imported expressly for the purpose from Watt and Boulton's celebrated works at Soho, and that the "Clermont" did not attain a greater rate of speed on her first trial trip than

Rumsey's rudely constructed boat did at Shepherdstown, twenty years before. It's a long story, full of melancholy interest — that about James Rumsey, his various inventions, his life-long struggle, and his untimely death. I have not time to tell it now, but you shall hear it before you leave me."

"But," said I, "you must tell me something about Fitch; was he not before Rumsey in demonstrating the practicability of steam navigation?"

"Not at all," replied my companion. "He got some idea, in Kentucky, from a friend of Rumsey, what he was about, and he came on here to ferret out the secret of his invention. But being discovered prying about Rumsey's workshop, he was threatened with a coat of tar and feathers if he did not leave the town immediately. From this fact alone you may form your own ideas of Fitch's claims to priority in this great invention."

"What authority," said I, "have you for these statements?"

"The most authentic and unquestionable," he replied; "such as original letters from cotemporaries of Rumsey here, who knew him and saw his experiments—oral statements from his friends —pamphlets published at that period—tradition,

and the unpublished report of a select committee of the House of Representatives, which may be found on file at Washington. If you have any doubt about the correctness of my statement, wait until we get home, and I think I can then satisfy you that to Virginia belongs the honor of originating steam navigation, and that the first successful experiment was made at Shepherdstown by James Rumsey, whose name, now hardly known in the town of which he was a citizen, deserves to be embalmed in the grateful recollections of the whole family of man, for whom he labored, lived, and died."

Thus conversing, we arrived at Morgan's Spring, which is less than a mile from the town; and having consigned our horses to the care of the servant, we were glad to leave the carriage and take a stroll about the premises.

No lovelier spot could be selected for a rural festival. In front of an old-fashioned and somewhat dilapidated house, long since abandoned by its proprietors for a more modern mansion, not far off, upon a loftier but less romantic site, a sloping lawn sweeps down to the margin of a mimic lake, which mirrors on its silver surface the "high o'er-arching" trees that bend their sheltering arms

THE MORGAN SPRINGS.

above it. Here and there, upon the hill-side, are grand "old ancestral oaks," which stand like sentinels apart, while scattered groups of denser growth afford sufficient shelter from the sun. In the middle distance of the landscape a village spire,

"———whose silent finger points to heaven,"

appears above an intervening hill, and beyond this, is seen a succession of groves and undulating fields, so graduated in their tints that, becoming dimmer in the distance, their outlines are at last merged in mountains which mark the limits of the view, and which seem to have stolen their color from the skies.

At the base of the hill on which the house is situated, beneath a shelving mass of moss-grown rock and the gnarled roots of a thunder-riven oak, a glorious spring leaps out into sunlight, as if glad to be released from the dark prison-caves of earth, and flowing over the smooth sides of an artificial reservoir, it runs rippling along, making merry music as it tumbles over its rocky bed into the placid waters of the lake. This is "Morgan's Spring;" and such has been its designation for more than a century, the property of which it

THE LAKE.

constitutes a part having continued in possession of the same family since the first settlement of the valley. In former times it is said to have been a favorite trysting-place for the faithful lovers of the neighboring town; but, alas! in these degenerate days, when romance is at a discount and rheumatism prevails, when catarrhal affections are far more difficult of cure than those of the heart, moonlight rambles have fallen into disrepute, and the prudent villagers are now seldom seen at nightfall near the "pebbly spring,"

"——fond and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling."

If, however, there are occasional exceptions of those who will continue to risk their precious health and happiness by sitting there for hours on the cold, damp rocks, in reckless disregard of cassimere, crinoline, and consequences, they are looked upon (and let alone) as incorrigible Ephraims, who (as Madam Malaprop has it) are "as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile." But the chief glory of this consecrated spot consists in the patriotic associations which cluster around it, and which I shall have occasion to speak of presently.

THE DINNER.

Adjacent to the spring is a shady grove, in which we found the principal improvised tables arranged for dinner in the form of a quadrangle, inclosing an area of at least an acre, in the center of which was a large tent or booth, filled with a great variety of provisions. In convenient proximity to the tables the culinary operations were progressing upon a scale of profuse abundance, and after a fashion that was no less primitive than profuse. There appeared to be about half a hundred whole carcasses of full-grown and well-fattened sheep and hogs, each having two long iron rods run through its length—"*barbe à queue*"—so as to keep it spread open in the position termed by heraldic writers "displayed." These were all laid across a trench (the projecting ends of the rods resting upon each side thereof), which was about a hundred feet in length by four deep, and in the bottom of which was a bed of glowing coals, that was replenished from time to time from large log fires kept constantly burning close by for that purpose. At suitable intervals along the sides of the trench were iron vessels, some filled with salt, and water; others with melted butter, lard, etc., into which the attendants dipped linen cloths affixed to the ends of long, flexible wands, and delicately applied them

with a certain air of dainty precision to different portions of the roasting meat. This part of the

THE PIONEER.

process was done with such earnest solemnity of manner, as to impress a beholder with the convic-

tion that there was some important mystery meant by the particular mode in which the carcasses were so ceremoniously touched with the saturated cloths. During this operation, other attendants were busily engaged in turning over the huge roasts, one after another, so that all sides of each should be done equally alike.

It was certainly to me a very curious scene, such as I supposed might have been met with in the Sandwich Islands before Captain Cook discovered them. And while we were contemplating it, strains of martial music came floating on the air from the direction of Shepherdstown, which summoned us back to the hill above the spring, from whence we had a full view of the procession as it approached and filed into the inclosure.

First came the military—eight companies in all—brilliantly uniformed, followed by a long line of carriages, and a cavalcade extending as far as the eye could reach, the whole array being flanked by a crowd of pedestrians, who seemed bent on making the most of their holiday. Two of the volunteer companies wore the Continental uniform, and one of these was from Winchester, the other from Cumberland; and when it occurred to me that it was in the former place that Washington first as-

sumed the military garb (in 1754), and in the latter that he last appeared in the character and costume of a soldier (in 1794), it seemed peculiarly appropriate that the buff and blue regimentals of the Revolution should have been adopted by the citizen-soldiers representing those two old towns, which are so intimately associated with the name and early fame of the Father of his Country. And my interest in the fine-looking corps from Winchester was greatly enhanced by the fact, that its gallant commander was a Washington.

The procession having been dismissed soon after its arrival, the people dispersed themselves over the grounds; and the military, mingling with the more soberly-clad masses of their fellow-men, added greatly to the scenic effect and general attractiveness of the spectacle presented by the assemblage, which numbered not less than four thousand persons, and which comprised a large proportion of ladies, who—Heaven bless them!—were chirping, fluttering, and flocking together like so many

> "Birds of Paradise on every hand,
> New lighted in a vernal land."

Presently I observed that the crowd was concentrating upon the lawn in front of the old house, the

THE "WELCOME."

high-pillared portico of which, tastefully decorated with festooned flags and garlands of evergreen, had been arranged as a rostrum; and learning that the speaking was about to begin, we drew near, with the rest, to hear "the orators of the day" ventilate their vocabularies.

The opening address was a salutatory delivered by a gentleman of the neighborhood, who greeted the assemblage with such words of welcome as friendship prompts and courtesy demands. He was followed by a distinguished Congressman in an eloquent oration; after which an eminent member of the bar, well known to fame as the hero of many a hard-fought forensic battle, having been loudly called for, delighted the crowd with an impromptu intellectual treat, which was of a character so appetizing, that when he concluded he left his listeners, like Oliver Twist, "asking for more."

From these speeches I was enabled to understand why "Morgan's Spring" is so noted a place in this neighborhood.

It seems that when the momentous drama of the Revolution was about to begin, and the heart of Virginia was throbbing in responsive unison with the eloquence of Patrick Henry, whose memorable words, "We must *fight*—I repeat it, sir, we *must*

fight!" leaped like "live thunder" through the land, nowhere within the borders of the good old Commonwealth was there a more prompt and determined response to the fervid appeal of the "forest-born Demosthenes" than among the patriotic citizens of Shepherdstown and its vicinity, where a company of riflemen, consisting of more than a hundred men, was immediately raised "for the protection of American liberty."

The officers of this celebrated corps were Hugh Stephenson, captain; Abraham Shepherd, first lieutenant; ——— Pendleton, second lieutenant, and ——— Scott, third; William Pyle was appointed ensign and Henry Bedinger sergeant. Their banner was emblazoned with the device of the "Culpepper minute men"—*a coiled rattlesnake ready to strike*, and the significant motto, "*Don't tread on me.*"

For their uniform, they adopted homespun hunting-shirts, made of tow linen (fringed around the neck and down the front), leather leggins and moccasins. Each wore a buck-tail in his hat, and had a tomahawk and scalping-knife in his belt.

Thus organized and equipped, these gallant men held themselves in readiness to march at a minute's warning whenever and wherever their services

might be required to defend the rights of the Colonies from the encroachments of the British Crown. Accordingly, when, on the 14th of June, 1775, the Continental Congress resolved "that six companies of expert riflemen be immediately raised in Pennsylvania, two in Maryland, and two in Virginia, and that each company, as soon as completed, shall march and join the army near Boston," the Shepherdstown riflemen obeyed the summons with alacrity, and theirs was the *first company from the South* that rallied to the side of Washington when Boston was beleaguered.

> "They left the plowshare in the mold,
> Their flocks and herds without a fold,
> The sickle in the unshorn grain,
> Their crops half garnered on the plain,
> And mustered, in their simple dress,
> For wrongs to seek a stern redress."

The 17th of July, 1775, was the day set for their departure, and Morgan's Spring was their rendezvous. True to their appointment, they all met there on the morning designated; not a man was missing. Having partaken of a frugal meal, they arose from the grass and reverently received the blessing which a holy man of God invoked in their behalf, after which, solemnly agreeing together

that as many of them as might be alive on that day fifty years should meet again at Morgan's Spring,* they shouldered their rifles and forthwith began their march, "making," as one of them expressed it, "a bee-line for Boston," which they reached on the 10th of August, having made the journey of 600 miles in twenty-four days.

As they approached the camp of Cambridge, Washington, who was making a reconnoisance in the neighborhood, descrying the Virginians in the distance, galloped up to meet them; and when Captain Stephenson, saluting him, reported his company "from the right bank of the Potomac," the commander-in-chief, unable to resist the impulse, sprang from his horse, and beginning with the captain, went from man to man, shaking hands with each, tears of joy rolling down his cheeks as he recognized his friends and fellow-soldiers from the South.

Morgan's riflemen reached the camp a day or two after Stephenson, and Cresap's company, from

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* On the 17th July, 1825, there were but four of the riflemen living, viz.: Maj. Henry Bedinger, of Berkeley Co.; his brother, Michael Bedinger, of Blue Lick, Kentucky; Peter Lauck, of Winchester, Va.; and one other whose name I do not know—the two Bedingers and Lauck only met according to appointment.

BEEFEATING AT CAMBRIDGE.

Western Maryland, arrived a few days after Morgan.

An accurate idea of the men who were mustered in these three rifle companies may be had from the following extract of a letter to a gentleman in Philadelphia, dated Fredericktown, Maryland, August 1st, 1775. [*Vide* Am. Archives, vol. 3d, 1775, page 1, 2.]

"Notwithstanding the urgency of my business, I have been detained three days in this place by an occurrence truly agreeable. I have had the happiness of seeing Captain Michael Cresap marching at the head of a formidable company of upward of one hundred and thirty men from the mountains and backwoods, painted like Indians, armed with tomahawks and rifles, dressed in hunting-shirts and moccasins; and though some of them had traveled hundreds of miles from the banks of the Ohio, they seemed to walk light and easy, and not with less spirit than at the first hour of their march.

"Health and vigor, after what they had undergone, declared them to be intimate with hardship and familiar with danger. Joy and satisfaction were visible in the crowd that met them. Had Lord North been present, and been assured that

the brave leader could raise thousands of such-like to defend their country, what think you—would not the hatchet and the block have intruded upon his mind?

"I had an opportunity of attending the Captain during his stay in town, and watched the behavior of his men and the manner in which he treated them; for it seems that all who go out to war under him do not only pay the most willing obedience to him as their commander, but in every instance of distress look up to him as their friend or father. A great part of his time was spent in listening to and relieving their wants, without any apparent sense of fatigue and trouble. When complaints were before him, he determined with kindness and spirit, and on every occasion condescended to please without losing his dignity. Yesterday [July 31st, 1775] the company were supplied with a small quantity of powder from the magazine, which wanted airing and was not in good order for rifles; in the evening, however, they were drawn out to show the gentlemen of the town their dexterity at shooting. A clap-board with a mark the size of a dollar was put up; they began to fire off-hand, and the by standers were surprised, few shots being made that were not close or into the

paper. When they had shot for some time in this way, some lay on their backs, some on their breasts or sides; others ran twenty or thirty steps, and, firing as they ran, appeared to be equally certain of the mark. With this performance the company were more than satisfied, when a young man took up the board in his hand, not by the end but by the side, and holding it up, his brother walked to the distance and coolly shot into the white; laying down his rifle, he took the board, and holding it as it was held before, the second brother shot as the former had done. By this exhibition I was more astonished than pleased. But will you believe me when I tell you that one of the men took the board, and placing it between his legs, stood with his back to the tree while another drove the center?

"What would a regular army of considerable strength in the forests of America do with one thousand of these men, who want nothing to preserve their health and courage but water from the spring, with a little parched corn (with what they can easily procure in hunting), and who, wrapped in their blankets, in the dead of night, would choose the shade of a tree for their covering and the earth for their bed?"

After the speaking, the military fell into line and at once marched right royally in to dinner, being preceded by bands of music with their "sonorous metal blowing martial sounds."

The ladies had separate and, I am told, more sumptuously supplied tables provided for them in an adjacent grove, which a guard, detailed for that especial purpose, protected from intrusion.

I CAN'T BA—— TO SEE YOU.

That I did justice to my dinner on the occasion it will be superfluous to say, when my drive that morning is taken into consideration. But hungry as I was, and continued to be for some considerable time after I had been actively employed at the tables, I had the discretion to stop when I was

done, which some mutton-munchers there did not do, and consequently they have never dared to look a sheep in the face since the day of the dinner. Take it altogether it was to me a glorious banquet which did great credit to those who ruled the "roasts." And if there were any there who did not appreciate its merits, to such I would commend the following lines:

"Out upon the calf, I say,
Who turns his grumbling head away,
And quarrels with his feed of hay,
Because it is not clover.
Give to me the happy mind
That will ever seek and find
Something fair and something kind,
All the wide world over.

Our hungry eyes may fondly wish
To revel amid flesh and fish,
And gloat upon the silver dish
That holds a golden plover;
Yet if our table be but spread
With such hot meats and wholesome bread,
Be thankful if we're always fed
As well, the wide-world over."

MY RIDE TO THE BARBECUE.

OR,

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES

OF THE

OLD DOMINION.

BY AN EX-MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

With Twenty Illustrations.

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PUBLISHED BY S. A. ROLLO,
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OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
1860.

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PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER,

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